Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
Your loue deserues my thankes, but my desert
Vnmeritable shunes your high request,
First if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were euen to the crowne,
As my right reuenew and due by birth,
Yet so much is my pouerty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatnesse,
Being a Barke to brooke no mighty sea,
Then in my greateneſſe couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smothered:
But God be thanked there's no neede for me,
And much I neede to helpe you if neede were,
The royall tree hath left vs royall fruite,
Which mellowed by the stealing houres of time,
Will well become the seate of maiesty;
And make no doubt vs happy by his raigne,
On him I lay, what you would on me:
The right and fortune of his happy starres,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.
Buc. My Lord this argues conscience in your grace
But the respects thereof are nice and triuiall,
All circumstances well cosidered.
You say that *Edward* is your brothers sonne,
So say we too, but not by *Edwards* wife:
For first he was contracted to Lady *Lucie*.
Your mother liues, a witnesse to that vow,
And afterwards by substitute betrothed
To *Bona* sister to the King of *France*,
These both put by a poore petitioner,
A care-crazed mother of many children,
A beauty-waining and distressed widdow,
Euen in the afternoone of her best dayes,
Made price and purchace of his lustfull eye,
Seduce the pitch and height of all his thoughts,
To base declension loathed bigamie,
By her in this vnlawfull bed he got,

This

This *Edward*, whom our manners terme t
More bitterly could expostulate,
Saue that for reuerence to some aliue
I giue a sparing limet to my tongue:
Then good my Lord, take to your royal
This proffered benefit of dignity?
If not to blesse vs and the land withall.
Yet to draw out your royall stocke,
From the corruption of a busie time,
Vnto a lineall true deriued course.
May. Do, good my Lord, your citizens en
Cat. O make them ioyfull, grant their lav
Glo. Alas, why should you heape those ca
I am vnfit for state and dignity:
I doe beseech you take it not amisse,
I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.
Buc. If you refuse it as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depose the childe your brothers s
As well we know your tenderneſſe of hea
And gentle kind effeminate remorse,
Which we haue noted in you to youre kin
And equally indeed to all estates,
Yet whether you except our sute or no,
Your brothers sonne shall neuer raigne o
But we will plant some other in the thron
To the disgrace and downefall of your ho
And in this resolution here I leaue you,
Come Citizens, zounds, Ile intreat no m
Glo. O doe not sweare my Lord of *Buck*
Cat. Call them againe, my Lord and acc
Ano. Do good my Lord, least all the lar
Glo. Would you enforce me to a world
Well call them againe, I am not made of
But penetrable to your kind intreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my sou
Couſen of *Buckingham*, and you sage gra
Since you will buckle fortune on My bac
To beare the burthen whether I will or n
I must haue patience to endure the loade

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.52)